

“Come, ye Thankful People, Come!

by Henry Alford & George Elvey

arr. Don Chapman

Come, ye Thankful people come, raise the song of harvest home;
All is safely gathered in, ere the winter storms begin.
God our Maker, doth provide for our wants to be supplied;
Come to God’s own temple, come, raise the song of harvest home.

All the world is God’s own field, fruit as praise to God we yield;
Wheat and tares together sown are to joy or sorrow grown.
First the blade and then the ear, then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take the harvest home;
From the field shall in that day all offenses purge away,
Giving angels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store in the garner evermore.

Even, so, Lord, quickly come, bring Thy final harvest home;
Gather Thou Thy people in, free from sorrow, free from sin,
There, forever purified, in Thy presence to abide;
Come, with all Thine angels come, raise the glorious harvest home.

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